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A PRETTY DISH TO SET BEFORE THE NATION!

UNCLE SAM (to Wrangling Congressional Cooks).—I don't care who made it—it's the worst I ever tasted!



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT is a strange fact; but it is nevertheless a fact, that the whole world uses intoxicants. The word intoxicant does not convey an exact scientific meaning, but it is the best word we have at hand, for an intoxicant may be either a stimulant or a soporific; and the world uses both kinds. To a great number of well-meaning people, an intoxicant means only some form of alcoholic beverage. But the effects which are sought in the drinking of alcoholic liquors are produced, in part at least, by many potions and drugs. And we can scarcely find a savage tribe so low that it has not some form of intoxicant that serves the same purpose that alcohol serves. The Chinese smoke opium, prepared by the English, and chew ginseng, supplied by the citizens of the United States. This fact is probably known to most people. But it is not everybody who remembers, when the subject of intoxication is under discussion, the betel-nut chewers, the coca-eaters, the drinkers of palm-wine, or the thousand and one races of which each has its own drug or drink which serves for an intoxicant.

So does the world, and so has the world done for uncounted years. It seems as though there were an original instinct implanted in humanity, to seek for something that is not strictly either food or drink, with which to supply some unrecognized waste; to fill some unknown deficiency. Using the word in its wider sense, tobacco, tea and coffee are all intoxicants. They are not among the necessities of existence. They are taken to stimulate or to soothe—to produce, artificially, some agreeable condition of the physical or of the mental system. The number of men in this world who do not use artificial means to these ends is, and always has been, very small. And we have no reason to believe that such abstainers are the wisest, healthiest or happiest of men.

The popular intoxicant, in America and Europe, is alcohol. There is no doubt whatever that it is frequently much misused, and thus made the cause of great trouble and widespread misery. On the other hand, there is no proof that its use, in moderation, is harmful, or even undesirable. And there is much to show

that it is often beneficial. There are many people, however, who are so much alarmed about the evil effects of the abuse of alcohol, that they desire to have its use, as a beverage, prohibited by law. For the most part, these people seem to be fanatics, uneducated, or what is worse, half-educated. They know little of the matters they attempt to discuss; and they have a profound confidence in themselves and in their methods. They deal largely in generalities; and statistics are to them a terror and an abomination. Whatever may be the mischief worked by the over-drinking of alcohol, it does not seem possible that men of this sort can do much to improve the state of things. They have not the wisdom, they have not the moderation, they have not the moral or mental breadth that belong to genuine usefulness.

We grow somewhat tired of bearing with the excitable and "impassioned" young women and the long-haired and vociferous men who run over the country, talking of the Demon Drink, and telling hearers as ignorant as themselves that Greece and Rome came to their ruin by the way of alcohol—blandly overlooking the fact that the mild potatoes of those estimable ancients were but as a drop is to a gallon beside the deep-drinking of the races now dominant in Europe. We are tired of letting such people—however "well-meaning" they may be—take advantage of the weakness of our political system to foist upon us laws desired only by a small minority of the people, oppressive to a great majority, offensive in their enforcement, incalculably mischievous when they are not enforced.

There is no need, in this country, of these so-called Total-Abstinence reformers. There is no need of their monstrous laws. If they had education enough to study up the subject on which they talk glibly and enthusiastically, they would know that Society is dealing with drunkenness in a way vastly more effectual than their way. Drunkenness was at its worst; was the grossest and commonest of vices, in the Middle Ages, when the full use of alcohol and the higher distillation became generally known. And at that time Society practically tolerated drunkenness. It continued to tolerate drunkenness until the present century. A hundred years, or a hundred and fifty years ago, church tithes were paid in rum; laborers had their allowance of rum as a part of their wages; officials on business of the state included payments for strong drink among their legitimate expenses. This was not in Greece or Rome; but in moral, American New England.

But, long before the Prohibitionists began their outcry, Society awoke to a clear understanding of the fact that drunkenness was not a thing to be tolerated. For the better part of the century, Society has done its own police-work in this direction, and is doing it thoroughly. It is no longer possible for a man to be a habitual drunkard and remain among respectable people. If he be persistent in his inebriety, he must go down from class to class, until he reaches his proper level—among the common offenders against the law—the thieves and swindlers. And when he is driven there, he can be dealt with as systematically and effectively as the rest of his lot are dealt with by the police and the courts.

This is the practical solution of a great problem, and probably the only solution. The fear of the law will never hold back the deliberate drunkard. Freed from the restraints of conscience and the fear of the disapprobation of his fellows, he may, unless he be unusually ig-

norant or vicious, evade the law with easy impunity. But, in the nature of things, he cannot evade the espionage of society. To-day it is to all intents and purposes impossible for an ordinary man to be habitually intemperate, and retain his place among the better classes. And among other sorts of people the process of elimination goes steadily on. In another century, it will be only the very lowest and most worthless orders that will countenance intoxication. Is not this strong feeling, always moving to effectual action, a better protection to society than absurd laws, which can never be enforced, and which excite general contempt by making criminals of honest and respectable men, and a crime of what is to the majority of people only an innocent indulgence?

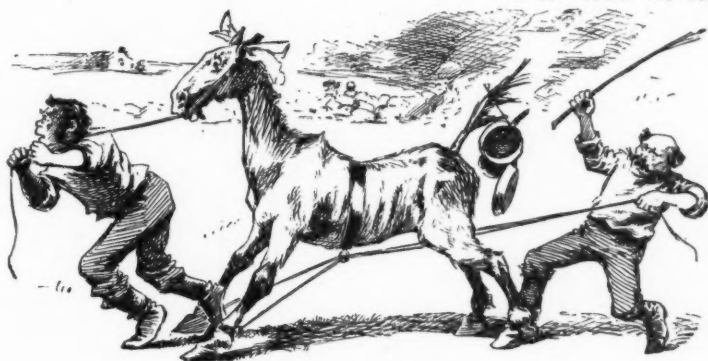
The state of Rhode Island has recently passed—its own great surprise—a "prohibition law." The state did not really want the law. It was not passed as a matter of principle. The Republicans voted for the law to spite the Democrats; the Democrats to spite the Republicans. No one thought that the aggregate of votes thus cast would make the legal majority. But so it happened. Now the state of Rhode Island is a small community, and, like most small communities, it is narrow, ignorant, and, save in things material, unproductive. One of the chief sources of revenue upon which it depends is its wonderful collection of summer watering-places, which bring travel and traffic to the state, and put many thousands of dollars into circulation every year. These places are supported by a civilized lot of people from the great cities—people who are accustomed to drinking wine and beer and whatever else they fancy; and, as a rule, in moderation. If they find that the new law interferes with their perfectly legitimate customs in this regard, they will leave Rhode Island for some more liberal and sensible state; and Rhode Island will be so much the poorer, and so much the wiser. No decent man will submit to be put in the category of criminals because a few hysterical women and unbalanced men think that the use of alcohol is as much a crime as its abuse.

There is one thing to be said in favor of the Forty-Ninth Congress—that there has been one Congress that was worse. That, however, is not known by its numerical designation—it is usually called the Crédit Mobilier Congress. Certainly, since that wild orgy of fraud, folly and corruption, we have had no legislative assemblage in Washington so weak, so wasteful of the people's time and money, so unfruitful of good and so prolific of all bad deeds. There is no need of specifying the things which this Congress has done, the which it ought not to have done. The Pension Bills, the Oleomargarine Bill, the Surplus Bill, the National Education Bill, the River and Harbor Bill, and the Senatorial Dignity Resolution have been enough to convince the people that there is no health in it. All we ask of it is a speedy adjournment, and sufficient time for President Cleveland to put his veto where it will do most good.

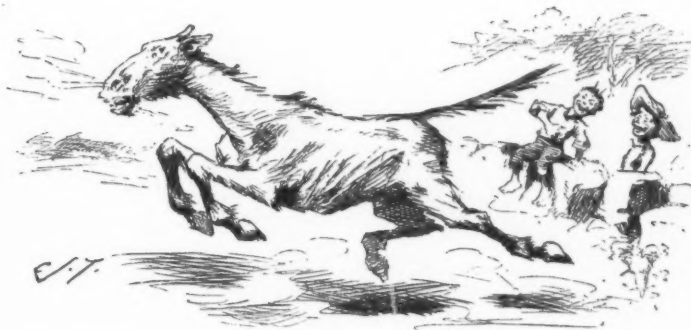
The strong and rugged poem called "Connecticut's Way," which we print on page 359, is worthy of general attention. No doubt there are places in that state where the pauper-farming business is carried on after a decent fashion; but there is no doubt, on the other hand, that it has led in many instances to the infliction of hideous cruelties upon the helpless poor. The public notice quoted at the head of the poem is a reprint from the original, which is in our possession.



A FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.



Can the Professors make the horse go?  
No, the Professors can not make the horse go.



But the boys can make the horse go.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY ONE WHO WAS NEVER THERE.

IT is the proper thing, just now, to write about Southern California, because it is a popular subject. I am going to have my little say, although I have never been there. It is a common thing to say that all travelers and tourists exaggerate and lie unconsciously, according to the degree of enthusiasm that inspires them to write at all. I don't lie that way. When I lie, I do it in cold blood, and for a purpose.

When a man writes about China, the value of his book is enhanced by the statement that the author has been a vice-consul there, or a missionary, and if neither of these walks can be claimed for him, he is then mentioned as one who has resided there twelve years, and this is a sufficient guarantee of the truth of all his statements.

But I have never been in Southern California, the land of the Lotos-Eaters (Chestnut). All I know about it is what I have learned from books, to which I desire in advance to shift the responsibility of any statements made in this article.

At Riverside, you can look ahead ten miles on a road without moving. This is the kind of straight and narrow path that New York Aldermen should be drilled upon.

The poorest class in Southern California are undertakers and plumbers.

A man recently set out an ice-plant on his place, and inside of fifteen minutes it was thawed into a fluid strongly resembling green chartreuse. He then set out a bush bearing the flower commonly called the snow-ball; but it has never yet borne a snow-ball. The buds melt, like gold dollars at a watering-place.

The air is very dry. When a woman writes, it is not necessary for her to use a blotting-pad. Often when a woman is only half-through her postscripts, she dips her pen into the bottle only to find the ink dried up.

Sometimes watermelons become parched, and split open with such force that their seeds are sent flying twenty feet in the air.

Sometimes a shower-bath will dry up before it reaches a man's back, thus enabling him to take a shower-bath without getting wet. This is commonly called the Socialist's bath.

\*Recently, a tramp got so dry for want of a drink, that his stomach warped and choked him to death. The sheep raised out there are all wool. A suspicious man recently examined a specimen before purchasing, to see that there was no cotton in him. He has since been driven from the country.

But to the dryness of the air: Umbrellas

\*I believe I have used these jokes about the tramp's warping stomach, and the sheep containing cotton, elsewhere. Shakespeare never repeated, it is said, but that is no reason why I should not.

crack and evaporate before they can be borrowed. Some of the vineyards are raising dried-apple trees, and are thinking of trying the experiment of grafting pie-plants on them, for the purpose of growing pies. A book-agent landed in the city of San Bernardino about a year ago, and the air dried him up, inside of a day, and he died of a broken heart. Even the rural sermons out here are regarded as dry-rot. No one has anything like a fair idea of the dryness of this atmosphere. Dropsy is unknown here. A man came here several months ago, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds; in six weeks he had reduced his flesh, or, rather, his fluid, so that he only weighs one hundred and fifty at present. Here the champagne is cheap and dry, just as in the East it is high and dry.

The size of plants that are small in the East is what surprises most people here for the first time. It is a common thing to see a man climbing up a fuchsia for dear life to escape from a cinnamon-bear. Children play house under the spreading coleus, and swing to-and-fro under the shade of the rose-geranium. Verbenas are cut up into cord-wood for the winter. It is a common thing to read of

a woodsman being killed by the lily he has been chopping falling on him. Japonicas are cut up into planks for building purposes. Maples are cultivated to such a point that they yield sugar all adulterated with glucose, and ready for the market. A cornstalk is sometimes stripped of its banners and left standing for a flag-pole. One stalk will bear about a wagon-load of corn, and not a false ear in the lot. A cornstalk is sometimes found out there with an ear for music.

Watermelons grow to such a size that they are sometimes cut in half lengthwise, and hollowed out for canoes. Small ones are cut and scooped in the same way, and used for puggarees and infants' bath-tubs. A large watermelon with the end cut off, and hollowed out, makes a splendid dog-house.

I am going to say nothing of the shooting and fishing. If I did, the reader might think me guilty of exaggeration. They would never believe, for instance, the story of every California quail flying around with a slice of toast under each wing, for it to be served on when shot. So, I think I had better stop before the reader begins to think my stories come within the pale of criticism.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.



"Oh, Mr. Littleneck, this is just lovely; but can't you swing me the least tiny bit higher? You're not tired, are you?"  
"Oh, not at all—only—the fact is, I always have a light touch of paralysis about this time of day, and it's coming on now."

## COOL, CALM AND COLLECTED.



FIRST INEBRIATE.—I'll carry it fur yer.  
SECOND INEBRIATE.—Wait till I drink it, then  
you can carry me.

## A RETIRED SEXTON'S ADVICE.

At times, though not often, thank the Lord, members of my sacred calling apply to me for a loan. Such they call it, but it is too often a gift. There is no reason for it whatever. If a sexton treats his profession aright, he should be comfortable; if the church he serves be wealthy, he should accumulate a competency. I recall when I took charge of St. George's thirty years ago, that all I had was my clothes, a prayer-book, and some pawn-tickets. A good rule in this regard is, never pawn your prayer-book. You never know when it will come into use, and besides, the pawn-broker will never advance on it more than a quarter.

A sexton should take discreet care of all the lost things he finds in the pews. Lock them up until the loser gets excited and offers a reward, or abandons all hope of regaining them. The more valuable they are, and the richer the loser, the longer and tighter hold on. I found a handsome pair of gold eye-glasses in pew 89, one Monday morning, and put them away. An hour later, Mrs. Chickseed, the richest lady of the parish, called around after them, perfectly wild. If I'd returned them then, she'd have thought nothing of my services. I sympathized, and promised to look for them everywhere. She called that afternoon, twice on Tuesday and Wednesday, when I found them down the register.

You can't imagine how happy she was. She gave me ten dollars, and praised me a fortnight to all the ladies of her set.

Never give money or change back, and never return anything that is not called for. This way you can get enough handkerchiefs, gloves, pocket-books, combs, canes, umbrellas, novels and newspapers, to keep you and your family fully supplied the year through. Keep your eye open for commissions. The furnace-man, who fixes your heaters, the plumber, glazier, roofer and carpenter understand your position thoroughly, and respond accordingly in hard cash. A florist is to be cultivated, especially around Easter. If, besides supplying flowers, he sods the yard and trims the ivy on the walls, he ought to be good for at least twenty dollars a year. A chimney-sweep is good for two dollars. A furnace-man for never less than ten dollars, and he sometimes goes as high as fifty dollars. A plumber should be worth forty dollars; a glazier ten dollars, and a carpenter thirty dollars. Some high-church sextons get thirty per

cent, on altar and communion goods, but this is going too far, I think, because, one fine gentleman who used to do it died from palpitation of the heart, or some other dispensation of Providence.

The most important things are weddings, funerals and christenings. Fresh brides and grooms are always excited and pay well; widowers and widows are nowhere near so good. Tell a groom he has forgotten something, and he will say go and get it, and send me the bill, and whether you get it or don't, you get the money all the same. At a wedding, always frown or look solemn. This impresses the crowd, and draws better than if you smile.

Be polite to the clergyman, deacons and trustees. Look out for their canes, umbrellas, overcoats and rubbers. Praise the sermons always, remember the text carefully, and if the prayer is original, praise that also. Know everybody in the church, but in a respectful and decorous way. This way you can get very remunerative engagements for parties, receptions conversations and kettle-drums. Be nice and polite to bashful young men and women, especially if they are homely. I got a handsome broadcloth suit that way once, for introducing a nervous clerk to a very ugly daughter of a rich parishioner. Afterwards, she got a divorce through a lawyer who sat in pew 104, and who used to go in the liquor-store on the corner before the services began. This is about all the advice I have to give. Oh, yes—when you shovel snow off, you can hire a tramp for a quarter and a drink, and charge the treasurer two dollars. This amounts to considerable, when you have a snowy winter. The same rule applies to putting in coal.

OBADIAH GRAYSTON.  
Per WM. E. S. FALES.



AS LONG as oysters steer clear of Chicago, they are safe until September. But they mustn't venture near Chicago.

A FRIEND of ours who bought five mutual pool-tickets on the horse that got in last, is anxious to know where the mutual part of the business comes in.

CHRISTMAS IN New Orleans is a much more noisy holiday than the Fourth of July. What the citizens of the Crescent City lack in patriotism, they make up in Christianity.

IT is well to bear in mind at this season of the year, that if you throw the banana-skin on the side-walk, the banana-skin may throw you on the side-walk. Turn about is fair play.

A NEW YORK man is forming a stock company to draw rain by art from the atmosphere. Before investing very much money in this scheme, we advise our readers to examine carefully his line of sample showers.

JUST AT this season of the year, seal-skin sacques are real cheap, while linen-dusters are expensive. Next winter, linen-dusters will be cheap, and seal-skin sacques expensive. This is a curious world, made so, chiefly by the people who live in it.

## UMPIRING MADE EASY.



A HINT FOR THE NEW YORK NINE.—GIVE THE UMPIRE A CHANCE.



# Seasonable SHORT STUFF

THE PRESENT Congress will return home as the prodigal son, but there won't be any fatted calves killed. Veal will be very scarce.

SCRIBNER'S *New Monthly Magazine* will fill a long-felt want—felt by magazine writers.

MEN EMPLOYED about a crematory must appreciate the fact that:

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal."

THE MEN who adopt honesty simply because it is the best policy, would make a specialty of dishonesty if it paid better. We're honest because we're built that way. Inherited from a long line of ancestors.

A CONTEMPORARY STATES that a certain sort of tobacco blindness is becoming quite prevalent. This idea was probably gained by some one who searched several weeks for tobacco in the cigar of the present-day, and was stricken with blindness before he found it.

THE FAMOUS green-corn dance of the Seminoles is described by a witness as a "wild, grotesque series of leaps and contortions to the weird music of a dirge-like, mournful chant." The green-corn dance is very much the same in this part of the country, only there is no music.

AT THE latest duel in France, one combatant purposely fired wide of his mark, and the other, with merciless fury, emptied the contents of his revolver into the defenceless air. Honor was satisfied, and the air was the only thing hurt. These French duels are fully as dreadful as those which occur in Kentucky, if not worse.

## THE WORKINGMAN'S WEAKNESS.

IF THE workingman has a penchant for anything above his dinner, it is for oratory. I mean this literally, as, since the custom of noon-day lectures came into vogue, I have known hungry workingmen to forego the food of the table in order to drink in the rhetorical pabulum furnished forth by some slippery-lipped advocate of social revolution.

Yes, this is truly the workingman's weakness. Dearly he loves to catch the caw from the agile whopper-jaw. (I borrow this word from Howell's. Other authorities give it wappy-jaw. Not being a philologist, I cannot say which, if either, is correct.) He thinks that a man who

can belch out a string of words two hours long, must necessarily have a head on him in proportion to his mouth. And he thinks, too, that such a man must be very patriotic and self-sacrificing to go around instructing the poor laboring classes, when he ought to be eating his dinner.

Now it is doubtless a very amiable trait in the workingman to lend his ears to any garrulous stranger that may chance to come along. It is very beautiful for him to place such child-like faith in everything that is said to him. But how much does he gain by it? Gain! Why, it is upon his credulity that all manner of charlatans and humbugs thrive. Who is it that stands by the hour around a wagon in a public square, listening raptly to the tergiversations of a patent-medicine vender, and finally, buying a dollar's worth of Liver Cure—although, for all he knows, his liver is as sound as any he could buy at the butcher's for five cents a pound? It is the workingman. Who is it that supports, by his lavish contributions, the manifold evangelists of the Sam Jones cult, who wax fat and wealthy in the good work of saving souls? It is the workingman.

But the most dangerous of all is the spell thrown over him by the subtle eloquence of the professional labor-agitator. Unless he overcomes his habit of bestowing applause and hard-earned ducats upon that son of anarchy, and adopts a wiser habit of bestowing bad eggs and well-directed kicks upon him, instead, he is destined to see even greater trouble than he has yet experienced. For, O, my fellow-workmen, business cannot prosper in this country under the conditions that have obtained for the past six months; and when business fails to prosper, it is you and I, O, my fellow-workman, who are bound to get the worst of it.

I ask any strong, rugged workingman, who has been defeated in the recent eight-hour movement, if he does not blush for himself. You have actually been led to believe that ten hours a day of employment is too much for your fragile frame to endure. Why, think of your grandfather. I fancy that, if he now keeps posted on the affairs of earth, and remembers how he used to scratch 'round between sunrise and dark in the effort to make a living, he almost hates himself for having been born so soon. And still, when the agitator tells you that the condition of the workingman is growing worse and worse, you swing your hat and cheer without once thinking of your grandfather. Mighty is the power of gab!

No, my dear workingman, the lecturer whom you think so good and wise, doesn't know nor care what he is talking about. He is merely making a living at that business. The words and ideas he expresses are not his own. He has, to quote Shakspeare, been at a feast of languages and stolen the scraps.

EKE YOUNG.

## FULLY ELUCIDATED.



Oh, see the man! Is the man mad? You can just wager your last cent he is. Has the man been bitten by the dog of the vender standing beside the policeman, hard by? Oh, no, the man has not been bitten by the dog.

Then why is the man mad.

Because the man thinks he is going to miss the express train; that is what makes the man mad.

Why does the man's hat fly off?

Because he is running against the wind.

Will every street between him and the ferry be blocked by carts, coaches, horse-cars, etc.?

Every one of them, Alcectis, every one of them; and at every crossing he will be detained several minutes, and spattered with mud from head to foot. Barrels will be rolled in front of him, or planks from the rear ends of trucks stretch across the sidewalk. In climbing over them he will trip and fall into apple-stands, and reach the ferry sore, bleeding, and not an entire garment on his anatomy.

But how about the train?

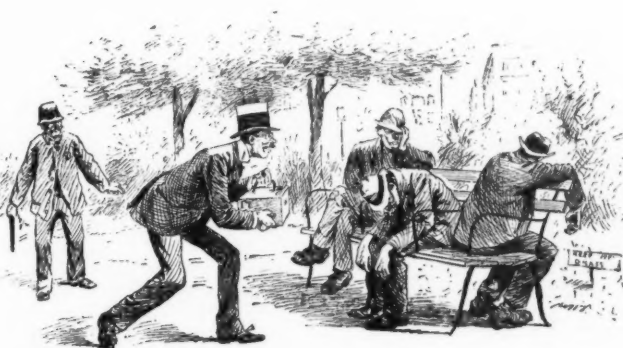
Oh, the train, eh? he will learn that the time has been changed, and that it doesn't go for fifteen minutes.

And then the man will be madder still, and spend more money in cooling himself off than it would have cost him in the first place to hire one of those close, stifling yellow-fever cabs.

THE HERETOFORE impossible feats of going through the whirlpool rapids of the Niagara successfully, and that of jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge at last having been accomplished, it is expected that the trans-Atlantic balloon crank will again come to the front with another trial.

TWO MEN in Cork were blown to pieces while attempting to manufacture explosives. Parliament ought to pass a law to have all of Great Britain's explosives manufactured in Ireland.

## TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

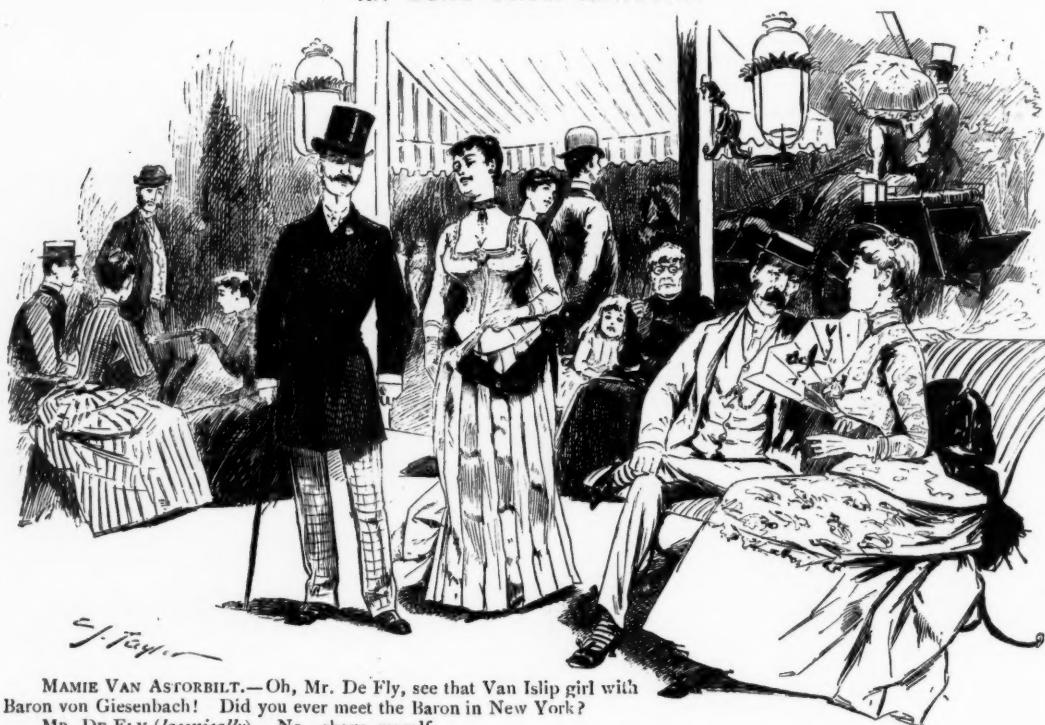


ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR (with detective camera).—Ah-h! Here's a stunning group! I'll just catch it before they wake up!



MEMBER OF THE FINEST.—Come out o' that wid yer infernal machine! Ye'll wurruk no dynamite divilment in this par-r-k, while Dominick Cronin ripresents the lahl!

## AN ECHO FROM NEWPORT.



MAMIE VAN ASTORBILT.—Oh, Mr. De Fly, see that Van Islip girl with Baron von Giesenbach! Did you ever meet the Baron in New York?  
MR. DE FLY (*laconically*).—No—shave myself.

## THE MAN OF UNFEELING.

HE WAS sitting in an easy chair, on the veranda of a seaside-hotel, tipping leisurely to-and-fro. A couple of horse-flies commenced making a play-ground of his neck.

"It's rather strange that that man doesn't brush those flies off his neck," said one bystander to another.

"It does seem strange," replied the other: "and there are some mosquitos devouring him, and he doesn't seem to mind it at all."

Then the flies and mosquitos flew away, and returned a few minutes later with a couple of hornets—old drabs, that had been doing duty since the war of the Rebellion. They got right behind the man's ears, raised themselves gently on their hands, and suddenly came down with a regular double-back-action movement, and sent their stingers in so far that it was about all they could do to draw them out. Still the man went on rocking, as though nothing had happened. The on-lookers could scarcely believe their eyes.

Just then, a dog that had been bathing in the surf came along, and saw the hornets getting in their work. Being a playful dog, he made a jump at them, and, by mistake, took off one of the man's ears, but still he didn't seem to know that anything had happened.

Then the two men who had seen the whole performance, called the hotel-clerk, and told him what had happened.

"Oh, that's nothing. I have seen boys turn the paper that their molasses-candy came in, right on top of his head, and he never knew it. We have given him the lumpiest bed in the house, and he doesn't complain. The other day a chandelier fell on him, and he didn't know anything about it until told. He is called the Man of Unfeeling, here.

"But what is his right name?" they asked.  
"Garland!" replied the clerk.

THE METROPOLITAN BASE-BALL CLUB are called Indians because they are so low down as to be beyond reclaiming.

ONE REASON why so few men are heroes to their valets is because so few men have valets.

## AN INDIGNANT PROTEST.

(See Poem on Page 291, No. 487 of PUCK.)

MUNKITTRICK tells us in blank verse,  
(The blankest verse you ever saw),  
What subjects not to choose; but when  
Got he the right to make the law?  
Does PUCK disdain  
Some sweet refrain  
Because Munkittrick shakes his mane?

Dare he to poets far and near  
Dictate, while they may not resist?  
"You can not on these subjects write."  
Why, one would think they're on his list.  
Does PUCK propose  
His doors to close  
Because Munkittrick thinks *he* knows?

Come, Wan Goat, with old tin can,  
And Smallboy with the apple green,  
Come, Parlor-Stove, with Pipe askew,  
And Gate and Dog in moonlight scene,  
Rise in your might  
And claim your right,  
And put Munkittrick quick to flight.

A. PROF. POETT.

ANY YOUNG man can make himself conspicuous if he wishes to. He has only to eat peanuts on an elevated railroad-car.

PARNELL DENIES that the Irish Party and Fenians are in league. It is entirely unnecessary for Mr. Parnell to make such a revelation as this, as the civilized world is fully aware that the Irish can not keep from quarreling a sufficient length of time to become in league with anybody.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

A KANSAS FARMER, seeing his son about to step on a rattlesnake, pushed him back with such force that the boy's thigh was broken. Such actions as that are very likely to take all the ambition out of a boy. In this section of country boys are always encouraged by their fathers to step on all the rattlesnakes they can find.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—A stranger loitering about a mill the other day was caught by a belt and drawn into the machinery. He was taken out in a dying condition; but smiled faintly as he remarked to his rescuers:

"I see you are determined that I shall no longer remain incog."

He was a professional humorist.

AT A REVIVAL meeting in a country town not long ago a young convert, who was by business a milkman, arose to speak. Just at that moment one of the brethren started in with the hymn: "Shall we Gather at the River?"

COMPANIES THAT insure against loss by wind-storms are being organized in the West. Congress, State Legislatures, the Concord School of Philosophy, and other institutions of like character are only taken as extra risks.

LIEUT. A. W. GREELY tells us in the *Forum* for August "What We Know About the Weather." If he had only told us what we do not know about the weather, we presume we should now know why it pours just after we have marked the tennis court with lime, or invited a friend out to play, and why there is never any rain when the garret tank is empty, and the pump is warping itself out of the earth, and splitting as it warps.

SOME PHILOSOPHER says that only through failure is success attained. If this is true, we have a number of playwrights in this city who will some day dim the glory of Shakspeare and Molière.

SOME PEOPLE express surprise that Rhode Island should go in so strong for Prohibition. But what can you expect of a plantation that will not support a good baseball nine?

AFRICA WOULD, no doubt, be a good field for raising watermelons, Rupert, if it were not for the Africans. They would cause the crops to fail.

THE ACES and kings are always in good hands.

## PERTINENT IMPERTINENCE.



SHE.—I wish one could tell from a man's name whether he is married or not.  
HE.—What difference would that make to you—when you are married? (Silence.)



# CONNECTICUT'S WAY.



THE PAUPER AUCTION.

I.  
Town Poor for sale! Town Poor for sale!  
Who bids for the poor of the town?  
All ye who an honest penny would turn  
By the trifle of wood that the poor may burn,  
By their bitter bread washed down with tears,  
By the death of shame that ends their years,  
Come, bid for the poor of the town!

II.  
Town Poor for sale! Town Poor for sale!  
Who bids for the poor of the town?  
Be there never a man with a hovel to spare,  
Who'll farm out the poor of the town for a year?  
Be there never a one at Hartford to-day,  
Who earned his election expenses that way?  
Come bid for the poor of the town!

III.  
Town Poor for sale! Town Poor for sale!  
What's the bid for the poor of the town?  
"Five hundred?" My friend, you quite mistake;  
It's out of the poor that you are to make.  
Your money—not out of the town, you know,  
So just be careful how high you go.  
Come, bid for the poor of the town!

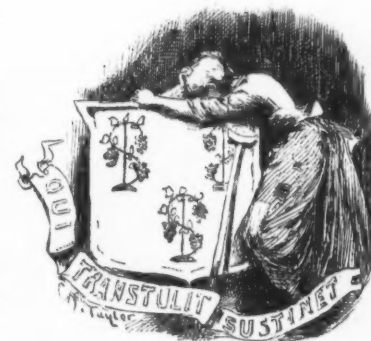


IV.  
Town Poor for sale! Town Poor for sale!  
What's the bid for the poor of the town?  
To the lowest bidder ten paupers, all told,  
I offer, and six of them sick or old.  
All the sick and dying clear gain you know,  
Why, you can afford to take them low.  
Come, bid for the poor of the town!

## NOTICE!

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the undersigned, Selectmen of the Town of W——, up to 1 o'clock on MONDAY, the 15th day of MARCH next, for Keeping the Poor of said town for the year commencing April 1st, 1886.

Said Proposals to be opened in the Town Hall at the hour above named, and the contract awarded to the lowest bidder.



V.  
Town Poor for sale! Town Poor for sale!  
What's the bid for the poor of the town?  
We sold them once at five dollars a head,  
For one whole year to be clothed and fed;  
We don't get bargains like that every day,  
Yet the man who took them made money, they say.  
Come, bid for the poor of the town!

VI.  
Town Poor for sale! Town Poor for sale!  
What's the bid for the poor of the town?  
Who'll bid? who'll bid? what 's that I hear?  
A bid of ten dollars per head for the year?  
That's cheap, I must say. Shall we take it? 'Tis done.  
Going—going—gone! The poor are knocked down  
By a unanimous vote of the town,  
For the sum of one hundred dollars, no more.  
God bless you, my friend, and—God help the Poor!

E. L. OGDEN.

# THE HORSE AND THE FOX.

A FABLE FOR 1888.

THE lion having died, the beasts of the forest found it necessary to choose a new king. So they assembled in their customary place. Now, the beasts were divided into two parties. One party favored the choice of the horse, because he was strong and industrious, but the other party favored the fox, because of his brilliant wit and keen intellect.

Now, several of the beasts were in doubt as to which would make the best king; so they inquired as to what the horse and the fox had done in the past.

They found that the horse had always done his work to the best of his ability, no matter how hard or how humble it was, while the fox had always been a tricky beast, ready to do anything for his own advantage without consideration for the general welfare.

So they decided in favor of the horse, and he was chosen to reign for a certain time. At the end of that time, the two parties again came together, and the one which had favored the fox before, favored him again. But those who had favored the horse said:

"Is this the same fox?"

And the friends of Reynard answered:

"It is the same old fox."

Whereupon the friends of the horse said:

"If we did not like the fox before, how much less shall we like him now, since we have learned how strong and faithful the horse is."

And many of the animals that had favored

the fox before, deserted him and lifted up their voices in praise of the horse.

## MORAL.

This fable teaches that the Republican party ought to endeavor to acquire a little horse sense.

W. J. H.

## RAPS AND SLAMS.

NEXT to Senator Blair, the late King-of-Bavaria was the most extravagant man (with other people's money) of the century.

"A Vital Question; or, What is to be Done?" is the title of a book from the Russian of Nikolai G. Tchernuiskewsky. If there is a law in Russia to prevent a man changing his name, I do not see but that Mr. T.—— will have to grin and bear it.

Talmage says he would like to stretch out his arms across the broad Atlantic, and bear the pauper millions of the old world to a safe asylum in this country. But, fortunately for this country, the reverend gentleman's arms are not so elastic as is his mouth.

B. F. Butler says there will be no Working-man's candidate in '88. Can't tell, Ben; the next two years may produce quite as big a fool—ahem!—workingman as you were in '84.

EKE YOUNG.

# TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

JOCKEY McLAUGHLIN has made all his money and reputation by taking a back-seat.

SO MUCH rye was used last year in the manufacture of whiskey that summer boarding-houses now are obliged to buy genuine coffee for the guests.

GRAHAM, THE man who survived the Niagara whirlpool rapids in a cask, says he gained his daring by a three years' experience in a college foot-ball team.

A LITTLE SIX-YEAR old Pennsylvania boy recently caught a brook-trout that weighed over two pounds. If the little boy had been only five years old, probably the trout would have weighed more.

IT is said that the Apaches are not only better armed than the troops, but that they are all provided with field-glasses and telescopes. They would have dressing-cases and portable bathtubs, if they wanted them, but they are not built that way.

A SCREECH, A SPASMODIC jump, and a long-drawn sigh of relief. These are three things you are at this season of the year likely to be startled by when you go out in the garden with a young lady, and she bites far enough into a golden harvest apple to discover she has barely missed the little worm nestled within it.



**"PROHIBITION I**  
Practical Effect of the Revived Blue Laws



PUCK.



EXHIBITION IS COMING!"  
ved Blue Laws at our Fashionable Summer Resorts.



## THE WHIST-DEMON.

THE Grand Central Depot will do for this essay to start from. You are not a selfish man at home, but the moment a rail-road journey is started on, the greediness begins to sprout, and by the time you are well aboard the cars, you are mean enough to pick out a seat to suit you, and lay your corner-stone for comfort as solid as the management of the particular road will admit. Stowed away in your corner on the shady side, with window and blind arranged for draught and light, you pull out your "Talmud," or PUCK ON WHEELS, or "Arabian Nights"—new version—and grunt with contentment—and meanness, as the train rolls out of the station.

Ah! here's a leaf uncut, and the last word you have read is "blood-curdling." You ease over sideways to get your jack-knife out, and notice that your lot has been cast with a lank, hungry-looking, watery-eyed galoot, who is trying to insert his ticket under a hat-band that is glued on. By moistening the band, he finally accomplishes his purpose, and then crowding you over against the window in the effort, he produces from his family-entrance pocket, a pack of what were once playing-cards, but which now look like pieces of well-rusted stove-pipe flattened out, and oiled here and there to prevent squeaking. You get the knife, fight hard against your inclination to use it on the human body—if it is human—and slice open the interrupting page, when—"play?" comes crashing into your ear.

"No!" you say, with an explosiveness that ought to blow the offender through the roof, but unhappily, does not. "Play?"—and the odorous interrogation this time is aimed at the two gentlemen who are facing you, and who are in the midst of some weighty business transaction, into which the interruption plunges like a load of coal into a quiet cellar.

"No!" and the idiot only grins and winks across the aisle at a man who is blind and luckily can't see him. He is quiet for a minute while he is getting out a cigar; but you wish he would be noisy again after he lights it, rather than keep on smoking. There is no comparison for the smell, and you give up trying to find one, at the same time throwing your own freshly-lighted child of Habana out of the window.

An uneasy twisting and squirming at your side advises you that the cigar is not suddenly fatal to him, and in a moment he breaks out in a yell of "Hi, Snakey, how's the girls in Stamford? Come back here and take a han'." This directed at an individual in the forward end of the car who has unfortunately turned around enough for our friend to catch his profile. This one wakes up a tired night watchman in climbing out of his seat, knocks off the hat of a quiet German professor in a curve lurch, and comes blundering down the aisle.

"Pacer 'n' Jimmy's in der baggage-car," he says: "'n' if these gents 'll change seats, you 'n' me 'll knock some whist inter 'em. Say, Charlie," whacking the brakeman between the shoulders: "tell Pacer 'n' Jimmy ter come in, will yer?"

By the time these two specimens arrive, you and the two financiers have gone respectively to the wood-box and the rear car, as a dispute with that gang would have resembled a fall into a sewer.

Then the flood-gates of imbecility are let loose, and quotations such as "We'll show you how they play cards in Cos Cob," "Go wash yerself," "You trumped my suit, Snakey," fill the car, while screams of horrid laughter mingle with the bangs of dirty fists as the oleaginous paste-boards are pounded onto the table. An invalid near by ventures the remark that one of the quartet is using his valise as a cuspador; but the bunched-up profanity that is hurled at him makes him hang halfway out of the window, while his eyes stick out so far that they flutter in the breeze.

When the train reaches New Haven, and the brakeman announces the fact, you hand him your diamond ring in gratitude and get out; and as it goes on again, a strain of æolian hair-raising expletives is borne back to you something like: "Did yer kitten on ter ther livery bum that tried ter keep four seats ter hisself?"

J. S. G.

PROFESSOR D'ANGELO (whoever he may be) says that snakes, when properly trained and educated, are the most affectionate things in the world. Yes, so they are. They don't put their arms around you, because they haven't any arms; but they clasp you to their breast with their whole body. Yes, snakes are very affectionate, indeed. They kill people with kindness.

NO SOONER did Mr. Sullivan move to New York than a drunken policeman challenged him to fight, a challenge which the great man ignored with dignified contempt. If this had occurred in Boston, he would have broken the policeman in two. There must be something about the air of New York, which tends to make men pleasant and peaceful.

## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

YE YOUTH  
GIVETH YE MAYDENNE  
GUFF.  
(YE MAYDE, BY YE WAY,  
POSSESSETH  
YE  
BOODLE.)

&amp;

PROPOSETH  
YE  
PROPOSITION.

YE MAYDE  
DECLINETH  
YE  
PROPOSITION,  
BEING FLY.

(N. B.—YE YOUTH HATH  
NARY OF YE  
REDDRES.)



YE, marry! Anne, I think that you,  
Taking you all in all, are too  
Exceeding sweet for quelque-chose,  
All decked out in Sunday 'close'—  
A very dream, dear Anne, in blue.

"My love, Miss Jones, is deep and true.  
Dost think that you and I from two  
Could shrink to one? Sweet, I propose  
I marry Anne!"

"Oh, Charles Augustus, do not woo;  
Your most unhappy love subdue,  
I can not do such things as those!  
This mortgage on your love foreclose,  
I'm sorry, I must say Pooh-pooh!  
I, Marie Anne."

SHAK. JONES.

AUSTRALIA HAS had its first game of base-ball. It was played at Sydney. None of the players were hurt, and the umpire was treated with distinguished consideration. It must have been very queer base-ball.

IT HAS been decided by a Brooklyn church that playing cards for fun is not wicked, and now every member of that church wants to play for a small stake just to make it interesting.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROADS run "Camp Meeting Specials" on Sunday instead of "Excursion Trains," as heretofore. The price of beer, however, remains unchanged.

IN OREGON squirrels are so numerous that a bounty has been placed upon their tails. The result is, citizens are raising them in the place of chickens.

WE READ in an exchange that a strike is threatened in Pittsburgh. We trust they may strike oil. Where there is so much smoke there ought to be some fire. What kind of fire? Why, fire-water to be sure. Give us an easier one!—Burdette's Patent Wind-Up.

## ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.



"Excuse me, sir, but I just vacated that seat for this lady."  
"That's all right; she's my wife."



## A MODERN INSTANCE.

A BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER OF MARRIAGE AND ITS ANSWER.

*A Proposal for Supplies—Love's Ex-Officio Dream—Leaves from an Old Maid's Diary.*

A DISCHARGED Department Clerk, aged 40, will marry an agreeable old maid able to support both. Address E. Trouville, Washington, D. C.  
—Advertising Columns of the Baltimore Sun.

The Arctic coolness of this offer of marriage in the blazing noon of these July days was more inspiring than Soxie's nerve-food. My heart went out to meet the heart of the unknown Trouville, and I longed for a telephone through which to whisper: "Hope!"

As I read and re-read this declaration in our Baltimore Sun of July 12th, a series of thrills ran down my back. Like other maidens, I had my dreams of lovers at my feet, but my wandering fancy had never pictured a suitor so completely prostrate. My dear Trouville lay in the dust before my feet, and I had only to stoop and pick him up. The suddenness of the offer, and the need of immediate action, made me shiver for a little moment.

But when the momentary shock was past I did not hesitate. I was no giddy girl to play fast and loose with the trusting heart of such a man as this. He had offered me all that he had to give—himself. Should I be less confiding? Ah, no! a hundred times, no! As he will be all mine, so I will be all in all to him.

Without wasting a moment, then, I opened my little escritoire, took out my select cream-colored note paper with its embossed monogram, moistened delicately the nib of my gold pen between my lips, dipped it lightly in my pretty cut-glass stand of violet ink, and thus replied to my lover:

BALTIMORE, Md.,  
No. 877 ST. PAUL STREET,  
July 12, 1886.

*My Dearest Edwin:*

You can not hide your lovely name behind a teasing initial. My heart tells me that "E" must indeed stand for Edwin, and your Angelina will never be so unresponsive as to question the first promptings of her heart. I can not tell you how much your naive frankness delights me, nor how deeply I sympathize with you in your great loss. You may be only a discharged government clerk to the cold, cruel world, but to me you are an ideal lover. You do not know which way to turn. As you were an office-holder, of course you have never learned how to work, and as you were not fit to hold office, even, you cannot be of any particular use to anybody. You evidently realize this, and so you have made up your mind

in despair to offer yourself to an old maid. Such an one may perchance prize such a bit of sea-weed as you seem to yourself. Edwin, my beloved, you are right! Your very helplessness and worthlessness make you the more precious to me. Do you remember those sweet lines of Moore:

Come, rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer;  
Though the herd have all left thee, thy home—it is here!

How true these words are! You are my stricken deer, and as I again assure you—*doubly dear*. Nobody wants you except me—so that I am sure that you will be wholly mine. Oh, too, too happy thought! No one will tempt you from my side, and so together we will pass down the decline of life, hand in hand, untroubled by heart-burnings and vexing jealousies.

Dost thou like the picture?

O, Edwin, O, my dear one, listen! Leave that selfish, grasping, scheming, unsatisfied hot-bed of office-holders, and shake off the dust from your feet behind you! I am waiting, my darling, for thee. The spirit and the bride say—*come!*

Yours, O, so truly,  
ANGELINA.

With trembling hands I folded, enclosed, and sealed this heart-felt message to my Edwin, and took the letter with my own hands to the post-office.

All the next day I waited with anxious expectation. It was the Sabbath, but it was not a day of rest to me. Edwin's pale, hopeless face haunted me. Over and over again I pictured his ecstasy when my message should reach him, and his mourning should be turned into joy. I saw his face transfigured with love, and his arms outstretched toward me, his Angelina, who had raised him from the dust. The long day passed, at length, and with the morn of Monday my answer from Edwin came.

The address was written in a formal, clerical hand, with spiral embellishments. I pressed the unopened letter to my lips for an instant, and then carefully cut the envelope with my delicate paper-knife. This was what my lover wrote:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
No. 864 D STREET, N. W.,  
July 13, 1886.

*Dear Madam:*

Your favor of the 12th to hand and contents noted. Permit me to correct mistake in Christian name, as stated. Name should be Ebenezer—not Edwin.

Your acceptance gratifying, but unsatisfactory because accompanied by no inventory of person or assets. When this is furnished, I shall be pleased to correspond further with you.

Very respectfully,  
EBENEZER TRUE.

P. S.—"ville" attached to name as necessary precaution.

I will confess that, at first reading, this reply lowered my spirits a little. But I was soon able to perceive between the lines the responsive feeling held so firmly in check by inexorable business forms, and I could not help admiring the straight-forward and manly tone of the letter. My suitor could not deceive me even for the sake of winning me. He hid nothing from me. Against my idle fancy that "E" stood for Edwin, he raised his Ebenezer. How true he was—in nature as in name! Should I be

## HE WAS FROM PROVIDENCE.



CUSTOMER.—I want them 'ere pant'loons made for quarts.

TAILOR.—Beg pardon, sir; but I don't know what you mean by making the trousers for quarts.

CUSTOMER.—Why, I mean for you to make the pistol-pocket to hold quart-bottles. You see, we have to cart our own saloons around up our way.

less frank? No, I would tell him *all!* He should find me *worthy* of his confidence. So I replied in this sincere outpouring:

*Dearest Ebenezer:*

Your true and manly letter has just reached me. I will not hesitate for an instant. You shall know *all!*

I am a maiden lady in the mature bloom of life. My form is like the aspen, and my face is the mirror of my soul—somewhat sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. My eyes are of blended hazel and emerald tint, shaded from the garish day by shields of azure glass. My teeth fit perfectly—and these gates of pearl have none of the aches that flesh is heir too. My hair forms a wreath of spiral curls over my expansive brow, and is a perfect match. My tastes are simple and my morals above suspicion. My hours have not been spent in light dalliance, but in communion with spirits akin to my own.

My income, from an annuity, is now twelve dollars weekly, but, when my concordance of Tupper's Works is completed, I feel assured that the author's copyright will bring me in a revenue which will supply our most extravagant wants. Till then, a dinner of herbs and love; and a supper of bread and cheese and kisses will surely suffice for hearts such as ours.

Yours ever,  
ANGELINA.

To this message I received promptly Ebenezer's answer:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
No. 864 D STREET, N. W.,  
July 14, 1886.

*Dear Madam:*

Your communication of even date received and filed. Your application will be considered in due course, and formal notice of my action thereon will be forwarded to you.

Very respectfully,  
EBENEZER TRUE.

How just and self-contained he is! How clearly I see the effects of his Civil-Service training! I will, indeed, *dearest* Ebenezer, possess my soul in patience till my paper is marked.

IT is said that the Rev. Sam Small owes certain small sums of money, which he is in no haste to pay. When a man becomes so thoroughly imbued and saturated with religion as Sam is supposed to be, he would rather owe money all his life than cheat anybody out of it.

## AN INVISIBLE NIGHT-CAP.



MAMA.—What are you doing in that closet?  
TOM.—Looking for Pa's "night-cap"—he always says he must take it before he goes to bed; but I never saw it.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR  
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

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MACHINES.  
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Largest, oldest and most complete Baby  
Carriage and Velocipede Factory in the  
world. Newest styles in rattan, reed  
and wood. Highest Centennial and other  
awards. Carriages and springs endorsed  
by J. B. Brewster & Co., of 25th St., and  
by Dr. Shrady, as safe and healthful.

Wholesale and retail. Carriages delivered without charge. Cata-  
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For business, home use, or  
money making. For old or  
young. Send 2 stamps for  
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**KELSEY & CO.** 332  
Meriden, Conn.

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New York Glass Letter Co.

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GLASS SIGNS.

Glass Letters and Numbers.

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NEW YORK. 324

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WHITE and COLORED FLANNELS, SERGES,  
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SCOTCH TWEEDS.

The Product of Foreign and Domestic Mills.

SUITS to measure from..... \$20.00  
TROUSERS " " ..... 5.00

*Nicoll*  
The Tailor.

Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery,  
and

771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth Street.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules sent on request;  
also Estimates for Liveries and Uniforms promptly  
furnished.

Come the early rose potatoes,  
Fresh lettuce and tomatos,  
Spinach, dandelion green,  
In the markets now are seen.  
Eggs, laid only yesterday,  
In the scented new-mown hay.  
Dairy butter from the cow,  
Life is worth the living now.

—Boston Courier.

A CHICAGO doctor has presented a bill of  
\$8 000 for attending the policemen who were  
injured by the anarchist bomb explosion. The  
city ought to charge the amount up to the  
anarchists, and collect it in the tax assessment,  
though possibly the bloody anarchists have got  
no property. That is usually the case. When  
an anarchist becomes possessed of property, he  
does not "anarch" any more.—Peck's Sun.

THE Indians originally owned America, and  
would still own it had they gone into the liquor  
business when the first white men arrived here.  
—Philadelphia Herald.

## Lactated Food

THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER  
For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of

**CHOLERA INFANTUM.**

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no  
other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the  
most important element of mother's milk.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical,  
of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on  
the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. 6:6

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FOR  
SHAVING.



PEARS'  
SHAVING  
SOAP.

12 MONTHS OF COMFORT FOR 12 PENCE

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SHAVING STICK.

100 years established as the cleanest and best preparation for SHAVING. it  
makes a profuse, Creamy, and Fragrant Lather, which leaves the Skin smooth, clean, cool  
and comfortable.

SOAP & CASE 1/-

PEARS' Soap is For Sale Everywhere.



**PROF. FOREMUS ON  
TOILET SOAPS:**

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

**THE WITNESS.**

HE calmly takes his place,  
And stands with stately grace,  
A smile upon his face,  
Broad and bland.

I must affirm, he said,  
And proudly raised his head;  
An oath to me is dead,  
On the stand.

The lawyers daze his wits,  
Literally give him fits,  
And break him all to bits,  
In their net.

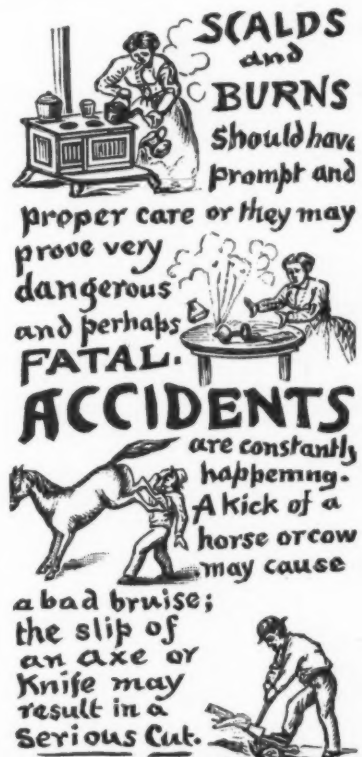
Questions they shrewdly ply  
Till they make the witness lie;  
And he wishes he may die,  
You can bet.

He leaves with sullen pace,  
With hot and crimson face,  
A decidedly hard case,  
Made to squirm.

He is surly as a bear;  
And to himself right there  
He furiously doth swear,  
Not affirm.

—Montreal Legal News.

If you make it a rule to flavor all your cold drinks with ten or fifteen drops of **Angostura Bitters** you will keep free from Summer Diseases and have your digestive organs in good order. But be sure you get the genuine article manufactured only by  
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Send 6c. for postage for free costly box of goods which will help all to more money than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

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Premiums.	Florins.	Florins.
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1 a	120,000	120,000
1 a	100,000	100,000
1 a	15,000	15,000
1 a	12,000	12,000
1 a	10,000	10,000
1 a	8,000	8,000
12 a	1,000	12,000
24 a	500	21,000
4,575 a	144	658,800

Together 4,575 PREMIUMS, amounting to 1,119,800 FLORINS. The next redemption takes place on the

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The above Government bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the U. S. N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in the English Puck.

## A PROTEST FROM THE BREWERS OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

We, the undersigned, brewers of the city of New York and vicinity, feel compelled by a sense of duty to protest publicly against the boycott pronounced by the labor unions against George Ehret on account, as it is alleged, of the testimony which this gentleman—who was called as a witness, both in behalf of the prosecution and the defense—was compelled to give under oath in the case of two of the persons charged with conspiracy in the Theiss boycott affair.

We protest against it thus publicly because we regard it as an ill-advised and hasty action, conceived in a spirit repugnant alike to justice and to that sense of equity and love of "fair play" which is the boast of every American.

We protest against it because it is a punishment inflicted on Mr. Ehret for telling the truth under oath, and as such has a tendency to bring the laws and the administration of justice into contempt, and to compel individuals, by a wanton abuse of the power of the labor unions, to disregard the mandates of the courts or to violate the dictates of conscience.

The reasons assigned for the boycott against Mr. Ehret are entirely untenable. Every one of the undersigned, in fact, every citizen, would have been compelled to act just as Mr. Ehret did under the circumstances.

In order that the workmen may fully understand the injustice done Mr. Ehret we would briefly state the facts in the case:

Mr. Ehret has always been and is to this day in full harmony with his employees, he pays wages at the rate prescribed by the labor union, he has always satisfied all their just demands, and thus won their love and esteem. His readiness to settle disputes between employer and employees in an amicable manner has secured to him the confidence of workmen, and it is to this friendly disposition that he owes his present difficulties.

In the Spring of this year a committee, who had previously called on Mr. G. Theiss, one of Mr. Ehret's customers, with demands which were refused, and who thereupon had instituted a boycott upon Theiss—without, however, bringing the latter to their terms—called upon Mr. Ehret, requesting him to use his influence and power over Mr. Theiss, and to act as a mediator. Mr. Ehret informed them that he had no power over Mr. Theiss, and no right to interfere in his business, but that he would try and have the matter settled peaceably.

This Mr. Ehret did in good faith, using his utmost exertions in a conference of nearly eight hours, held between the committee and Mr. Theiss, to bring about an amicable settlement. He advised Theiss to accede to the committee's demands, and even went so far as to recommend the payment of \$1,000 boycott expenses.

This payment of \$1,000 was demanded by the committee as an indispensable condition of a settlement, and all that Mr. Ehret did in regard to it was to advise Mr. Theiss, for the sake of peace, to do what the committee had asked. In this he succeeded, and had the satisfaction of hearing his actions favorably commented upon by the committee. Subsequently another disagreement between Mr. Theiss and his employees led to renewed hostilities, which the committee claimed cost them \$220. Mr. Ehret advised Mr. Theiss to pay this sum also. This done, Mr. Ehret concluded that all trouble was at an end and that he would hear no more of the case.

Without Mr. Ehret's instigation or knowledge a complaint was made in April, 1886, before Justice Gorman, by Albert Eschert, the leader of the orchestra at Theiss's place, who felt aggrieved by the action of the Boycott Committee against himself (they having compelled Theiss to discharge him), as a result of which complaint the accused were held for the action of the Grand Jury. This is shown by the official records of the cases.

The Grand Jury, prompted, as it would seem, by the pointed charge of Judge Gildersleeve on the subject, found indictments against the accused parties, and the District Attorney, as he was obliged to do under the law, proceeded to put them on trial. These proceedings were not, and in the nature of things could not in any degree be controlled by Mr. Ehret, nor did he know of them until the trial was proceeding, and he was subpoenaed by both prosecution and defense.

The power of the law compelled him to appear before the court, and the power of his oath compelled him to state in what manner he discharged the duties of the office of mediator, forced upon him by workmen who had confidence in his rectitude, and believed in his sympathy for them.

For this and nothing else the Labor Unions, without investigation, and without giving Mr. Ehret any opportunity to be heard on the subject, have proceeded to place a boycott on his business.

We can not believe that fair-minded American citizens will sustain a boycott based on such injustice, and for this reason we protest publicly against it, and at the same time assure Mr. Ehret of our undivided support in this matter.

Jacob Ahles, Bernheimer & Schmid, Beadleston & Woerz, Peter Buckel, H. Clausen & Son Brewing Co., Peter Doelger, Jos. Doelger's Sons, Burr, Son & Co., George Winter Brewing Co., John Eichler, Ph. & W. Ebling, A. Finck & Son, M. Groh's Sons, Jacob Hoffmann, J. C. G. Hüpfel, A. Hüpfel's Son, J. & M. Haffen, John Kiess Brewing Co., Jos. Kuntz, Valentine Loewer, David Mayer, Fred. Oppermann, jr., Jacob Ruppert, Geo. Ringler & Co., Conrad Stein, The F. & M. Schaffer Brewing Co., Schmitt & Schwanenflugel, D. G. Yuengling, jr., Henry Zeltner, Fred. Bachmann, Monroe Eckstein, Rubsam & Hornmann, Warren G. Abbott, Jos. Burger, Danenberg & Coles, Boulevard Garden Brewery, Jos. Fallert, H. B. Scharmann, Budweiser Brewing Co., Otto Huber, S. Liebmann's Sons, Claus Lipius's Brewery, G. Feizenspan & Co., F. Munch, Obermaier & Liebmann, Ernest Och, N. Seitz's Son, Wm. Ulmer, Williamsburgh Brewing Co., Charles Frese, Ballantine & Co., C. Feigenspan, Joseph Hensler, Wm. Hill, Peter Hauke & Co., F. J. Kastner, Gottfried Krueger, John Neu, Mrs. Chr. Trefz, Fred. Ziehr, Daniel Bernes, Wm. Peter, Sprattler & Menzies, Welz & Zwick.

679



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"GEORGE," said the old man after the wedding-guests had departed: "you have now become a member of an old and respectable family. You are about to bear away my eldest daughter."

"Yes."

"I didn't present you with a check on the bank or a package of railroad bonds, as is the custom in the East, but—"

"Oh, I wasn't looking for any such thing."

"But you will not go away empty-handed."

Here is \$25,000 worth of stock in a silver mine which shall be yours. Take it, pay the three assessments of forty per cent. each, and if you want to buy me a gold watch or a trotting-horse as a memento, you can be sure your gift will be treasured and appreciated."—*Wall Street News.*

FIRST TRAMP.—Where have you been, pard?

SECOND TRAMP (*lugubriously*).—In jail.

Did you get anything to eat?

Yes; bread and water twice a day.

Any extras on Sunday?

Oh, yes, I got a double quantity of water on Sunday.—*Tid-Bit.*

FASHIONABLE MOTHER.—You must never use the word "tony," Clara. It is only used by common people.

CLARA.—What word shall I use, mamma?

FASHIONABLE MOTHER.—"Swell."—*New York Sun.*

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Hundreds of Bottles Prescribed.

Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in all forms of nervous disease which are accompanied by loss of power."



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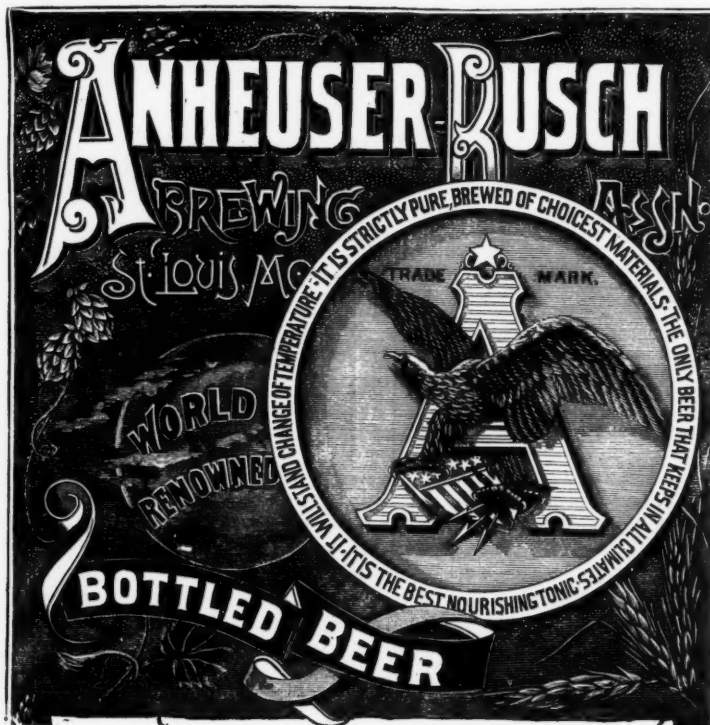
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SOLID GOLD STEM-WINDERS for Ladies, \$25 and higher.  
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SILVER STEM-WINDERS, \$10 to \$40.  
14 K. GOLD CHATELAINE WATCHES, \$18 to \$25.  
NICKEL STEM-WINDERS, \$5 to \$7.  
*Chains of every style.*  
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS.  
DIAMONDS and JEWELRY for everybody.  
SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES to suit you. All at very attractive prices.

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GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELERS,  
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Near Wooster St. Established 1838.

N. B.—If you should fall overboard and get your watch wet, fill it with machine-oil soon as possible, and send it to us. We make a specialty of that work at moderate charges. 674



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**CANDY** Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.  
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## SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

Old Mr. Hardpan was too mad for anything. "That boy Barnabas," he said, "is too big a fool to be left out over night. I just this week set him up in the insurance business, and he came down here in great glee to tell me he'd taken his first risk, and I hope to die if he hadn't insured the life of a man who is sentenced to be hanged next week, and then insured a coal-yard down on Burns Street against fire. I'll disinherit him."

"Don't get excited," said his friend: "who is the man, and whose coal-yard is it?"

"I don't know; but the man is in a New York jail and it's Nova Scotia coal."

"Oh, well, then, the boy's all right. That man will die of old age, and I know that coal. It won't scorch when the world's burned up."

"You speak of the movement of a poem, papa. How does a poem move?"

"On its feet, simple one, like a centipede."

"Then it can run?"

"Nay, rather the man who hears it runs."

"But it stands on its feet?"

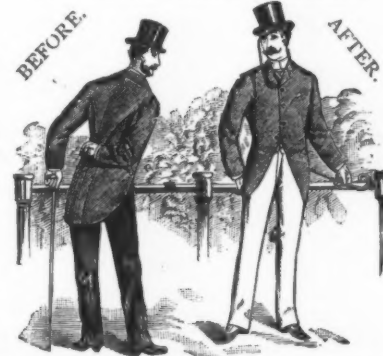
"Not so; it stands on its merit."

"Of what use, then, are its feet?"

"For the bastinado, child, for the bastinado. Bring hither thy poem."—R. J. Burdette.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD with PUCK ON WHEELS.  
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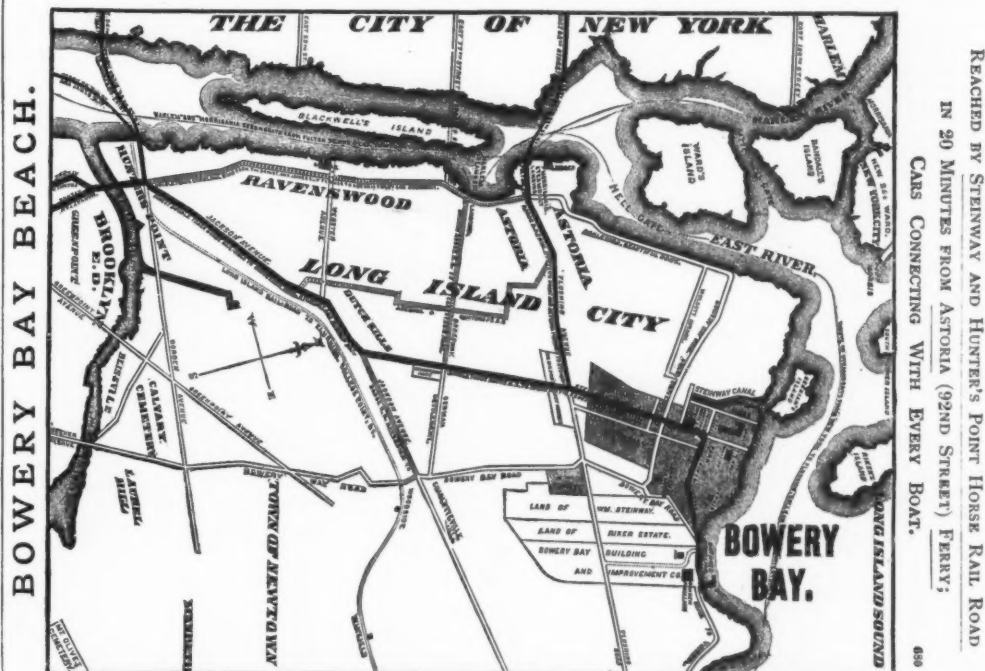
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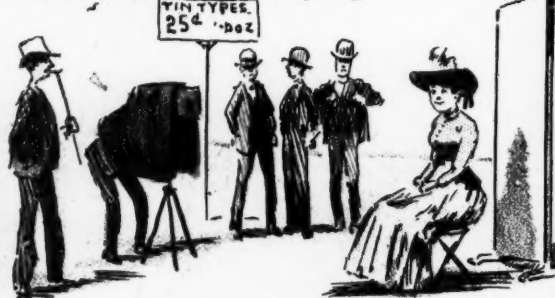
*The Giddy Whirl of Fashion at Saratoga.*—Mr. Livingston Highcollar gave a bachelor supper at his hotel last evening. So many of Mr. H.'s friends were present that his reception apartment was crowded to the doors.



*Upper Crust Fottings at Newport.*—Mr. De Lancy Littletrunk and a friend have left their hotel, and will camp out for the present.



*Aristocratic Items from Narragansett Fier.*—There was an enjoyable meeting of the Ladies' Archery Club on the grounds of Mr. Longbow Carruthers yesterday. Some of the shots made were most surprising.



*What the Gilt-Edged Throng are Doing at Old Point Comfort.*—The charming bride of Mr. Twofer Akwater has at last consented to give a sitting to a local photographer. Let the English professional beauties look to their laurels.

*Echoes of High-toned Life at Lake George.*—Lord Nickleplate has been the recipient of many and pronounced attentions since his arrival here.



*Movements of the Haut Ton at Long Branch.*—Mrs. General Winterbottom is the cynosure of all eyes whenever she enters the water.